

THE TRIBUNE.

Published by
THE TRIBUNE PRINTING CO.
A. B. READLE, Managing Editor.
MONTGOMERY, 1 MISSOURI.

SINGING OF GOOD TIMES.

Let us sing about the good times in the valleys—on the hills.
The music of the mocking birds—the joy of all the hills.
Let us see in all the winters, where the snow lies chill and deep.
The soil that yearns to blossom where the flowers are safe in sleep.

Let us sing about the good times; they are bright on plain and slope.
And all the world is ringing with the silvery bells of hope.
The blue skies bend above us—the grass is green and sweet.
And the violets spread a carpet for the falling of Love's feet.

Let us sing about the good times; they are coming right along.
And all the world is sweeter for their halcyon song.
And hark for Love and living—for no blessing Love denies.
And life's a sweet thanksgiving to the glad and answering skies!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

James Mitchell came out of the hotel office of the Great Northern the other morning with his cigar between his fingers and a toothpick in his mouth. He had been in the city five days on business, and a few minutes this morning in an office over on LaSalle street would see it wound up.

When James left home in Denver, a week before, his partner had said to him: "Don't be in a hurry about coming home; take it easy; everything is in good shape, and we will not miss you for a couple of weeks."

He threw his toothpick away and lit his cigar and bought a morning paper. After devouring the news that interested him his eye caught the name of the town up in Wisconsin where his last college days were spent. "Next week is commencement up there, isn't it, and I haven't been up there since I left school in '68. Believe I'll run up for a day and look the old town over, and see if it has changed any." Walking out to Dearborn street he turned his gaze to the north. "Be hanged if I don't do it—it will do me good. I'll be a boy again for one day, anyway." Arranging his business matters at once he wired his partner: "Everything satisfactory; going up in Wisconsin a couple of days." At 11:30 he was on his way, and in a few hours was nearing the old college town.

"I guess the best room in the house isn't any too good for me this trip," thought James, for he was a boy again, and bound to get his money's worth.

After supper he hurriedly lit a cigar, and climbing the college hill walked about the well-shaded grounds. "The building looks smaller, but the trees have grown since. Thirty-three years this month since I came out of that old camp. How time flies!"

He walked about the grounds in the long June twilight, and returned to the hotel by a circuitous route. Passing an old-fashioned residence a few blocks from the college he stopped and gazed at it for a long time. "On that porch I bade Anna King goodbye, wondering then when I would see her again, but I never did. Poor girl, she died 25 years ago." He walked down the electric lighted streets, looking in the young faces he met (for the usual commencement crowd was in town), wondering why he did not meet Ezra or Fred, for you see he was a boy again, and looking for boyish friends.

The college bell awoke him the next morning. "It sounds natural," mused our friend. "I mustn't be late this morning." He shaved and bathed, thinking his face wasn't quite so smooth as last time he had shaved here, the day he went home, and the gray hairs were plenty enough now. "Never mind, I'll be a boy to-day anyhow." Nine o'clock found him again walking about the college grounds with his hands behind his back, and a cigar in his mouth. Sitting down on a shaded bench his thoughts went back to his last week at school. "My room used to be in the third story in the nearest corner. Wonder what kid had it this term. Across the hall Snow and Taylor roomed. Snow I lost track of—Taylor is a rich lumberman in northern Michigan." So intent had our friend become engrossed in his thoughts he had not noticed the bevy of young girls, who, coming out of the ladies' hall, sat down on the lawn in the shade near him. Unconsciously their conversation attracted his attention, and before he knew it he was interested. "Sweet girl graduates, most of them; it sounds natural to hear them chatter. Wish I could scrape up an acquaintance. Wonder if they would feel offended if I walked over and interviewed them. Believe

I'll try it. Guess my age will protect me." But fate was kind to him and made his introduction easy.

"Ida Gray," one of them said, speaking to a companion a short distance from him, "I thought you told me the other day that your father was coming down here for commencement."

"So he is, and my brother Harry. They left Green Bay yesterday afternoon, and went to Milwaukee on business and will be here to-morrow."

"I'll bet that is Harry Gray's daughter; he used to live in Green Bay, and that girl has got his features if I am not mistaken. I am going to find out any way." And walking up to the one addressed as Ida Gray, he said: "Excuse me, but I heard you speak of your father and also mention Green Bay. Did your father attend college here some time in the '60s?" "Yes, and mamma also." "And your father was Harry Gray?" "Yes, sir."

"And, excuse me again, who was your mamma before she was married?" "Carrie Elwell," was the reply. "Here is my card, Miss Gray. I knew both your parents, attended school here with them in '67-'68, and this is my first visit since that time."

Miss Gray introduced our bachelor friend to her young associates and remarked: "I have heard papa speak of you, Mr. Mitchell, quite often. I am sure he would like to see you when he comes in the morning." "I am sorry that I must go on the early train. Give him my card and my regards, and your mother also." "And so Gray married Carrie Elwell and this is their daughter. Nice-looking girl," he mused.

Throwing away his cigar and entering one of the buildings, he walked about the halls and looked in some of the recitation rooms, with a feeling almost of sadness. "Wonder I wouldn't meet some of the old boys here. Presume we would not recognize each other, if I did." He passed out of the building and through the grounds to the brow of the hill overlooking the "lower town," and looked for a long time for a little brown house, over whose front gate he was wont to linger on summer evenings. But the cottage was gone and a more modern villa stood in its place.

That afternoon he passed the church near the college buildings where the young people seemed to be gathering. "Some sort of a concert; guess I'll go in," and telling the usher to give him a back seat, he crowded himself in the farthest corner. The church filled rapidly. "What young faces; seems as though I looked older when I used to come here. This is the finest singing I ever heard," as a sweet-voiced girl bowed her acknowledgments to the generous applause given her. "Wish she would sing again; sounds like Anna King, the last time I heard her from that same platform."

When the crowd passed out people wondered who the solid looking business man could be who seemed so much interested in all that was going on.

After supper he walked about the streets of the quiet little city, meeting and passing young people, "spooning" couples who paid him no attention. "Just as it used to be commencement time, only I hope they won't be as long coming back here as I have been."

When he paid his bill the next morning, he noticed among the late arrivals, "William Chadbourne, Menominee, Mich." "Down here for commencement, too," and he thought of the vacation he had spent with this old schoolmate up in Michigan, and remembrance of a fishing trip and the smell of the cedar swamps all came back to him as fresh as though it all happened yesterday.

Seated in the Pullman opposite him in the "Colorado Special" on his way home next day was a business acquaintance from Denver, accompanied by his wife and young daughter. Coming over and shaking hands with James in his section, he tried to draw him into conversation. "What is your idea about Northern Pacific?" he asked. "Northern Pacific be blowed," was the reply. He did not say "blowed"—something more emphatic. "What do I know about Northern Pacific? I am just out of school," and he turned his gaze out of the window.

"Who was the man you were talking to opposite, papa?" inquired little Miss Denver. "That is James Mitchell, the millionaire." "What makes him so cross, papa?" "Can't tell, daughter; perhaps some nice lady has given him the mitten." "Is he an old bachelor?" "Yes, and a regular old crank."

When James' partner greeted him on his return he remarked that his day up in Wisconsin had done him

good. "You have grown younger, Jim." "Yes, I was a boy again at school. Am going up next summer and stay a week."

That afternoon the clerks in the office exchanged smiles at the snatches of a song which they could catch as they fell from the lips of the senior member of the firm of Mitchell & Fletcher.

"First time in ten years I have heard him sing," whispered the stenographer to the cashier.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

Influence of Certain Journals on Minds of the Middle Classes.

In England, says the Cornhill, there exists no such organ of popular appeal as the Petit Journal. Yet long before the days of Fashoda it sufficed for an ambassador hostile to England to make his influence felt in this and other organs for that chronic and latent secular misunderstanding between France and England to be revived in its most menacing form. Instantly every member of the lower middle class in three-quarters of the villages of France was offered daily plausible reasons for detesting England. Exactly in the same way, in the days of M. Crispien, before the subtle and useful influence of Count Tori-nelli, backed by that of the French ambassador in Rome, made itself felt both at the French foreign office and in French society, it sufficed for a single journalist, now dead, to indulge daily in that amusement of pin-pricking peculiar to Lilliputian minds, for France and Italy to glare at each other across the gulf of Lyons with the very glint of vendetta passion in their eyes.

In both of these cases the opinion of France was positively determined by artificial pressure. It was a phenomenon like that of suggestion upon an impressionable nature. And if during a period of two weeks these writers, who subserved thus their own private ends, had suddenly interrupted their campaign, subsequently undertaking one diametrically the opposite, insulting those whom they had acclaimed and complimenting those whom they had systematically traduced, it is absolutely certain that their readers would have been thrown automatically into a state of mind just the contrary of that against which England and Italy had so much reason to complain. This is a phenomenon, of course, imitable, more or less, in any country in the world among those members of society who read only one newspaper and whose field of consciousness, as the psychologists say, is limited. But it is singularly true in France.

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

Bald-Headed Man Makes a Wager and Wins It.

An elderly gentleman got into a railway carriage, and had hardly taken his seat when he was surprised by the conversation of a man whose every other word was an oath.

This seemed to distress the company, and especially the old gentleman, who determined to try and cure him.

He spoke to the man about his swearing, who immediately swore at him and wanted to fight.

"No, no," said the old gentleman, "we won't fight. Let's have a tug-of-war match, and if you lose you give up swearing."

This was agreed to. A line was drawn across the carriage, and they were to pull each other across this by the hair of their heads, the one being over the line first to lose. They stood up and faced each other, and the question was asked: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, who at once pulled off his hat.

The other started back at the roar of laughter which greeted him, for he had lost.

The old gentleman was bald-headed!—London Answers.

Municipal Advertising.

In the little Dutch city of Leiden the municipality itself manages the public advertising and so frees the picturesque, canal-cut streets from unkept boardings. The city erects at the principal corners and by canal bridges boards of neat and attractive design for public notices. A projecting top prevents the rain from tearing or washing away the bills, the boards are surmounted by ornamental woodwork, and the advertising is thus not only kept in bounds, but is made almost artistic.

Napoleon's Soldiers.

According to Bohn's "Queer Statistics," there were 4,556,000 men enrolled into the French army by Napoleon between 1791 and 1813. Of that number three-fourths died in battle of wounds.

VISIONS OF HEAVEN.

Came Frequently to the Devout Men of the Seventh Century.

Most popular of all the legends of the middle ages, says the Gentleman's Magazine, is that of the seven years' pilgrimage of the Irish saint Brendan, the Sindbad of Christianity, who set forth in a ship with his companions to seek the Islands of the Blessed upon the actual seas. Though it is rather the vision of Barintus the hermit that dwells in the memory, since it was he who lured St. Brendan to the quest by the tale of his own landing with his nephew on the happy shores. Eastward in this case also lay Paradise, "an island," to quote from Mr. Baring Gould, "wide and grassy, and bearing all manner of fruits, wherein was no night, for the Lord Jesus Christ was the light thereof." The two abode there, we are told, a long while without eating or drinking—"and when they returned to the monastery the brethren knew well where they had been, for the fragrance of Paradise lingered on their garments for nearly 40 days."

Fragrance, light and music are among the chief characteristics of these visions. It may be recalled how these were also the frequent accompaniment of Buddha's transports. As when, after he had obeyed the call of the Unseen Power and renounced earth's joys that he might live the divine life, the air about him was filled with falling roses, while music, multitudinous as the roll of waves upon the shore, sounded in his ears. Or, as when the whole universe appeared to him like a garden of fragrant blossoms; and a splendor of light outshone, piercing even to those very darkest recesses which, according to the audacious imagery of the east, the united rays of seven suns would fail to penetrate.

St. Brendan was the uncle of another notable seer of the seventh century—that century so rich in visionary lore—St. Fursey, who fell, says Bede, into a trance, and, quitting his body from evening till cockcrow, "was found worthy to behold the choir of angels and to hear the praises which are sung in Heaven," with stray echoes of which he afterward edified all Christendom.

MINING PUMICE STONE.

An Italian Industry Carried On Along Primitive Lines.

The German Nachrichten fur Handel und Industrie contains some interesting details as to the production of pumice stone in Italy. This is found principally on the island of Lipari, in the northwest of which there is a large deposit from one to four meters thick, and covering about 1,500 hectares (3,655 acres), which consists of pumice mixed with lightly cemented volcanic ash. The pumice deposits are worked in a very primitive fashion by means of small quarries. The number of these is from 200 to 250, but most of them are worked only from May to October, two-thirds being abandoned during the winter months. At the time of greatest activity about 800 persons, including 100 women, are employed in the excavations. In 1890 the production amounted to 15,000 tons, and has increased since that date. The sale price of pumice stone varies between 37s. 6d. and £11 5s. per ton, but very fine qualities are also produced, which fetch £75 and even nearly £200 per ton; the average price, however, is from 5s. to 56 per ton. The pumice stone produced is sold to merchants, who sort it according to color, weight and size, and send it to the town of Lipari to be cleaned and polished. The refuse and broken pieces are ground in hand mills to powder. There are 16 recognized qualities and varieties of pumice stone in the market, some of the finest qualities being used in cleaning and polishing works of art, other qualities for lithographing purposes, preparing leather, etc. About 200 work people, 120 being females, are employed in the factories engaged in the preparation and cleansing of pumice stone for sale.

A New China.

An entirely new china has just been introduced into London under the name of Eoson Aurora. It comes from Bohemia, and has been awarded medals at several exhibitions. Its chief characteristic is the exquisite luster which is produced on the surface, giving it a metallic appearance. The prevailing colors of the ware are deep purple, crimson and orange with a dull bronze sheen. The designs are mostly in l'art nouveau style.

The Bachelor's Notion.

An old bachelor says if marriages were really made in Heaven Providence must have a grudge against a lot of people here on earth.—Chicago Daily News.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

"Thirteen of my fruit cans exploded last night. Doesn't that seem ominous?" "I should call it uncanny."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The very young man thinks that at least ninety-nine girls out of a possible hundred would gladly marry him if asked.—Chicago Daily News.

Microscopic Metaphysics.—Mrs. Hoyle—"I can read my husband like a book." Mrs. Doyle—"You must have good eyes to read such a small type."—Smart Set.

"I notice one thing about wall flowers at dances." "Reminiscences of morning glories?" "That and the fact that they are generally cut flowers."—Philadelphia Times.

Kwoter—"If ever there was a truth it's this: 'Man's inhumanity to man.'" Grater—"Isn't a circumstance to 'woman's inhumanity to woman.'"—Philadelphia Record.

He—"You are the first woman I ever loved." She—"Well, I will be equally frank with you. You are the first man who ever saw anything in me to attract him. Evidently, we were made for one another."—Boston Transcript.

"Brains are what count in this day," said the enthusiast. "Yes," answered the pessimist; "but there isn't much use of their counting if you can't put dollar marks in front of the figures employed in the process."—Washington Star.

"Ah!" he sighed, after she had blushingly whispered "Yes" in his bosom, "my own Mehmet! Oh! that name's so formal. Surely your friends use some shorter one; some pet name." "Well," she murmured, "the girls at boarding school used to call me 'Pickles.'"—Philadelphia Press.

HE WANTED TO GET OUT.

Fever Patient Who Was Tired of Drear Hospital Life.

The other day Richard Harding Davis was asked by a vivacious hostess to tell some story about the Spanish-American war that was funny and not gloomy, "for," said she, "there must have been very many amusing incidents also."

"Well," said the young author, reflectively, "of course no great tragedy is complete without its element of comedy. I remember particularly one little incident in the crudely fixed up hospital tent in Siboney, which despite its pathos was so droll as to bring a smile to even the faces of the boys on the stretchers. There was one young fellow who had been laid up with a bad case of fever. He was a big, raw-boned, overgrown fellow, came from 'Cincy,' he said, and as he tossed about from side to side, he kept telling me that he was restless as a wildcat, tired of being chained to a blanket, sick of being cuddled like a baby, the smell of disinfectants made him ill; he was aching not from fever, but from a longing to get out into the air with the boys and be in the fight."

"Can't you get the doctor to let me out, Mr. Davis?" he begged, pathetically.

"I'll do what I can," I said, and as the doctor happened to be passing I called him over and put the matter before him.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Just look at him. Is he fit—now, is he? Look at that face, will you—red and blotched with fever. He's in no condition to get out."

"The boy had gradually raised himself eagerly on to his elbow, but as the doctor finished speaking his head fell back hopelessly."

"Fever! Red!" he cried, querulously, "I paint, doctor! It's just paint, I tell you!"—N. Y. Times.

A Library Center.

In the four counties of western Massachusetts no less than 120 public libraries are in operation, containing 825,000 books. The towns where they are located have a population of 307,000. One of these libraries was started with money from a dog tax and another was begun with dollar contributions. Where a special building is lacking the books are cared for at the town hall, engine house, school or the residence of some public-spirited citizen. Some librarians give their time without salary. In several cases the pay is from five dollars to \$30 a year. One librarian bought a book with her own money, charged two cents a day for its use until the cost was covered and then put the book in the public collection. The will and the way on the library question have got together in Massachusetts.

A Fickle Jade.

Dame Fortune is a fickle jade that all men try to woo and win.—Chicago Daily News.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY'S WILL.

The Late President of the United States Leaves His Entire Estate to Mrs. McKinley.

Canton, O., Sept. 28.—Secretary Cortelyou came here yesterday to assist Mrs. McKinley in disposing of matters connected with the late president's estate.

He was at once driven to the McKinley home. After meeting Mrs. McKinley the question of filing the will was taken up. The trying task of reading it to her was undertaken by the faithful secretary, Mrs. McKinley made a heroic effort to bear up, and succeeded in doing so, although the ordeal was hard for her.

Last night she rested well. All legal formalities necessary for her to subscribe to were disposed of. At three o'clock Judge Day and Secretary Cortelyou went to the office of the probate court, and offered the will of President McKinley for probate. They carried with them the following: "I, Ada S. McKinley, the widow of William McKinley, deceased, hereby decline the administration of his estate and recommend the appointment of William R. Day and George H. Cortelyou as administrators with the will annexed."

This recommendation bears the date of September 27, 1901. Following is the text of President McKinley's will:

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., I publish the following as my latest will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills: "To my beloved wife, Ida S. McKinley, I bequeath all of my real estate, wherever situated, and the income of any personal property of which I may be possessed at death, during her natural life. I make the following charges upon all of my property, both real and personal: To pay my mother during her life \$1,000 a year, and at her death said sum to be paid to my sister, Helen McKinley. If the income from property be insufficient to keep my wife in great comfort and pay the annuity above provided, then I direct that such of my property be sold as to make a sum adequate for both purposes. Whatever property remains at the death of my wife I give to my brother and sisters, share and share alike. My chief concern is that my wife from my estate shall have all she requires for her comfort and pleasure, and that my mother shall be provided with whatever money she requires to make her old age comfortable and happy."

Witness my hand and seal, this 25th day of October, 1897, to my last will and testament, made at the city of Washington, District of Columbia.

(Signed) WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
(Signed) GEORGE H. CORTELYOU,
CHARLES L. LOEFELER.

It is given out on authority that the McKinley estate will total \$225,000 to \$250,000, including life insurance of \$67,000.

Aside from the \$67,000 insurance mentioned, the estate consists of real estate here and contiguous to Canton, and of deposits in Washington banks.

Monday morning at nine o'clock has been fixed by the probate court for a hearing prior to probating the will. Then, it is said, Secretary Cortelyou and Judge Day will be finally appointed administrators of the estate.

Secretary Cortelyou made the necessary affidavit yesterday as to the genuineness of the signatures of the president and of his own. Mr. Loefler will reach here to-day and make affidavit as to his signature and to having seen the president attach his name to the document. The will is in the president's own handwriting, and is on Executive Mansion letter paper.

TO VISIT THE PACIFIC COAST.

The President May Make An Extended Tour of the Country Next Year.

Washington, Sept. 28.—President Roosevelt probably will make an extended visit to the Pacific coast next year. The president has spoken of his intention to several of his friends, among them H. W. Scott, of the Portland Oregonian, and S. A. Perkins, of the Tacoma Ledger, who left for the coast, yesterday, in the belief that this trip would be undertaken. It is proposed that the president shall visit Washington and Oregon first, going thence to California and returning through the central western or southern states. The president has never visited the Pacific slope.

SECOND CLASS RATES.

Strict Orders for the Enforcement of Amended Postal Regulations Issued.

Washington, Sept. 28.—The post office department has issued formal notice to all postmasters that the recent amended postal regulations regarding second class rates will be enforced strictly after October 1. Periodical publications having the characteristics of books and those the circulation of which is not founded on their value as news or literary journals will not be admissible to the second class; but when a publication has been admitted to the second class, the certificate of entry can not be revoked until so ordered by the department. Unsold or "return" copies, the department announces, may not be mailed by news agents at the pound rate.

Will Disinherit the Heir Apparent.

London, Sept. 28.—"It is reported here," says a dispatch from Shanghai to the Standard, "that on the arrival of the court at Kai-Fong-Fu the empress dowager will disinherit the heir apparent, Pu Chen, on the pretext that he is leading a life of dissipation."

Infected With Plague.

Rio Janeiro, Sept. 28.—The Brazilian government has declared the city of Rio Janeiro infected with the bubonic plague. The port of the city is under suspicion.